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THE CRITIC

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

Edited (since 1881) by J. B. & J. L. GILDER

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SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1896

Joaquin Miller

"I LOVE TO go away from my husband for a few months, he writes me such sweet letters." The little lady who relieved herself by this burst of confidence had one of the Carlyle kind of husbands that make such excellent grave-gardeners, but who, during the lifetime of their *adoratas*, allow the blossom of affection to languish by drought. The literary world is sometimes very like the husband of the lady whose words we have quoted. It waits till an author has gone to the Kingdom of Ponemah, and then, to express its sorrow, exhausts whole crepe establishments, hothouses and printing-presses in post-mortem panegyrics. Could the ghost of one so honored return, methinks he would sorrowfully pluck a few nosegays from the mountain of flowers over his own grave, and send them with his compliments to brighten the garrets of living Chattertons.

I have been led into these cloudy musings by the strange history of Joaquin Miller, whose name was twenty years ago blazoned with glory by our British brothers. But, while the London *Times* declared that his "Songs of the Sierras" was "the most remarkable utterance America had yet given," and the *Evening Standard* heralded his poetry as "the most original and powerful" that had yet been heard from beyond the Atlantic, America herself was zealously fulfilling the Scriptural axiom concerning a prophet and his own country. If we may trust the records of the past, there was, in Mr. Miller's case, something more than the usual polite apathy with which a genius is sometimes tolerated by his own kin and country. The extravagant praise of the English critics seemed to induce an allopathic treatment of the poet in his own land. The innuendo of transatlantic criticism was perhaps sufficient to account for this. The literary John, né Bull, has even to this day a preconceived notion that American literature should have a wild and prickly flavor, suggesting the uplifted tomahawk in the near background, or, at best, a mildly civilized life, where the bison may at any moment break through the garden hedge. Failing to detect this unmixed flavor of rusticity in the works of our chief American writers, the good Briton has almost felt irritated at times, as though he would say:—"Zounds! [or perhaps something stronger], what business have those barbarians to write like scholars and gentlemen?" Hence their unbounded rapture, when, at last, a poet appeared whose works did in truth suggest tomahawks, camp-fires and all the rugged background of a nomadic life in the Sierras. But what the English critics failed to appreciate was the fact that all this poetical panorama of a life which Mr. Miller had lived before he set it to music, was as fresh and new to readers of the Eastern states as to the English themselves, and no more "distinctively American" than the most transcendental essay of our Concord seer. What was "distinctively American" was the possibility of the existence of two such types, with all the other variations that lie between them. For Americans have always shared with Britons the heirship to all that is best in English thought, as well as that of other nations, and their intellectual pedigree has never been annulled by living in a new country.

A recognition of these facts was one of the reasons why America did not accept the English estimate of Mr. Miller. She did not propose to have her honored immortals hurled from their pedestals for a newcomer, on the plea that he was more American because he happened to meet the empirical English requirements of that term. But this was no reason why his own countrymen should have ignored his claims to a very high rank as a poet. That this claim has been most unaccountably and heartlessly ignored, there can be no doubt.

You may ask nine out of every ten well-read people whom you meet what they know of Mr. Miller's poetry, with the probability that they can tell you all they know in a word of two syllables. Three years ago, a happy chance drifted a volume—owned by a Canadian—of Mr. Miller's poems into my hands. I read and rejoiced, and registered a vow that I would some day give expression to my appreciation and gratitude. With the publication of his "Songs of the Soul" * that day has come. Waiving for the moment his claims as a poet, Mr. Miller wins his first claim to our attention by his power to hold it. Most books of poems can be laid aside without any overwhelming reluctance on the part of the reader. But with these poems—especially "The Isles of the Amazons" and "Songs of the Sun Lands"—it is not so. Indeed, one old gentleman I know nearly finished the entire volume at one sitting—afeat requiring several hours. What the secret of the poet's charm is, it would perhaps be hard to say. If we could have but one word to describe it; we should say that *freshness* defines the alluring quality of his style. Read only a few pages, and you will feel assured that Pan sent a wood-nymph to the poet's christening, presenting him with a secret pass into Nature's inner council chambers. Few, if any, other writers, make us feel so much out-of-doors. We hear so plainly in all his poems the tidal beat of the ocean, the roar of geysers and rivers and the rustling whisper of forests, with never a suggestion of second-hand messages from Nature. Let the ear and heart test the following lines:—

"Come to my sun land come with me
To the land I love; where sun and sea
Are wed forever; where palm and pine
Are filled with singers; where tree and vine
Are voiced with prophets! O come, and you
Shall sing a song, with the seas that swirl
And kiss their hands to the cold white girl,
To the maiden moon in her mantle of blue."

Again, in "The Isles of the Amazons," we are on the same enchanted ground:—

"O, heavens, the eloquent song of the silence;
Asleep lay the sun in the vines on the sod,
And asleep in the sun lay the green-girdled islands
As rocked to their rest in the cradle of God."

We have had other authors who were more or less awake to Nature's wooing voices. Thoreau saw a great deal of Mother Earth and thought about her; but with Mr. Miller it is nearly all feeling, and the feeling of a poet, as these lines alone give ample proof:—

"And oh, the voices I have heard!
Such visions when the morning grows—
A brother's soul in some sweet bird,
A sister's spirit in a rose."

Here we feel the same pantheistic throb that made Lowell wish he might trace his genealogy back to a tree. In all of Mr. Miller's longer poems there are a certain largeness and grandeur in keeping with the region which has inspired his song. His pictures are almost all large-canvas size, while our eastern poets have painted little panels, and, instead of the giant forests and rivers, have given us pictures of a single posy or a dainty etching of a secluded frog-pond. The poet's heroines, even, appear in grand phalanxes, as in the song of the Amazons, though he has a few wild, lone damsels flitting through his scenes. There has been much fault found with Mr. Miller's violation of the laws of versification, but when it is remembered that nearly all of his poems, upon which this complaint was based, were written in his twenties, his sentence

* See review on page 20; portrait on page 32.

should not be grievous. A most notable defect of his earlier verse was an overproduction of adjectives and an incessant alliteration. One can hardly find a page that has not lines like these:—"Streaks of blood shall be the sign"; "She stood in the shadows as the sun went down"; "They swung a bright sword by my side." In spite of its frequency, however, and the four-worded form of his alliteration, some of the effects produced by this "artful aid" are passing sweet, as in these lines:—"The wine-dark wave with its foam of wool"; "But they say no words while they weave and wonder," and "Where cool and watered willows sleep." Another of the poet's habits is the repetition of a happy adjective or phrase. Now, "tawny" is a good word, but its beauty palls when we meet it for the twentieth time. However, these are very minor matters compared with the defects of many poets who have been coddled and cuddled by the *literati*. Moreover, one finds in Mr. Miller's shorter lyrical poems a knowledge never learned of schools, which may well silence the critic who would teach him the rules of rhythm. Could any master of poetical technique improve upon this stanza:—

"Life knows no dead so beautiful
As is the white cold coffin'd past;
This I may love nor be betrayed:
The dead are faithful to the last.
I am not spouseless—I have wed
A memory—a life that's dead."

Were Mr. Miller's works written with no attempt at metrical form, their unique and luxuriant imagery would still make them glorified prose, if not poetry. Witness his metaphor in a poem from "Songs of the Soul":—

"The azure curtain of God's house
Draws back and hangs star-pinned to space."

In another line the fancy takes a different turn, though we have the same *materia poetica*:—

"Where kings of thought play chess with stars
Across the board of blue."

Both of these metaphors are Whitmanesque, as may be readily seen by comparing them with Old Walt's picturesque definitions of "Grass."

Underneath all of Mr. Miller's work there is a vast, deep melancholy, whose haunting echoes linger with us like the cadences of Hood. This quality of his Muse is finely illustrated in his exquisite "Last Supper," beginning "What Song Sang the Twelve":—

"Was the song as strong fishermen swinging
Their nets full of hope to the sea?
Or low, like the ripple-wave singing
Sea songs on their loved Galilee?"

* * *

"Ah! soft was their song as the waves are,
That fall in low musical moans;
And sad I should say as the winds are
That blow by the white gravestones."

Or, again, in his better-known poem, "Down Into the Dust":—

"Look at the roses saluting each other,
Look at the beasts at peace on the plain;
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain—
Scorned by the beasts that go down on the plain."

It hardly seems possible that any candid reader of Mr. Miller's poems will deny that our kindred across the water have leaned to virtue's side more than ourselves in their enthusiastic praise of Mr. Miller. Far from resenting England's appreciation of him, simply because it would give him a higher rank on our poet roll than his own countrymen would concede, we should acknowledge transatlantic applause with some show of grace, if there is a chance for any at this late day. We have not so many poets who can write like Mr. Miller, that we can afford to let one of them pass into oblivion by our neglect. If such neglect finds explanation in causes relating to the man rather than the poet (a point upon which the

present writer has no definite information), it still seems hardly generous or just to make no commutation of sentence to a man whose early environment might have made an outlaw of one with a far more sluggish pulse than Mr. Miller's. But, even if we are minded to review the poet's life, we may safely follow the spirit of his own stanzas on Burns:—

"In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not."

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

Literature

"Songs of the Soul"

By Joaquin Miller. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Co.

IT WILL ALWAYS be more or less of a mystery to those of us who belong to the aftermath generation, why our seniors have allowed a poet like Mr. Miller to be so neglected. Some of us, who have had the good fortune to discover him accidentally, cannot get over a feeling of righteous indignation that our teachers and instructors should have fed us so long on the dry scholastic husks garnered from every clime but our own, while never a stanza of Mr. Miller's poems was set before us. However, we will try to forget the perverse and untoward conduct of our forebears in the gladness with which we welcome a new volume of poems from the Poet of the Sierras. Perhaps Mr. Miller has purposely waited so long for a second generation foreordained to know and cherish him. If so, we think, he has not waited in vain, for his "Songs of the Soul" will surely bring about a Miller renaissance which we hope will make the unwittingly ignorant look up his other volumes of verse.

The same originality and freshness of thought and imagery which characterized his earlier poetry appear in this new collection. But there is a marked improvement in its metrical structure. In the longest poem of the book, "Sappho and Phaon," stanza after stanza moves along with the rippling glide of a canoe in still water, and everywhere we find new tokens of the poet's old passion for Nature:—

"I somehow dreamed, or guessed, or knew
That somewhere in the dear earth's heart
Was warmth and tenderness and true
Delight, and all love's nobler part."

Whether it be of mountain, sea, river, or the dark enfolding night that Mr. Miller sings, we catch always the same rare and tender melody. Listen to his song of the twilight:—

"I love you, love you, maid of night,
Your perfumed breath, your dreamful eyes,
Your holy silences, your sighs
Of matchless longing; your delight
When night says, Hang on yon moon's horn
Your russet gown, and rest till morn."

* * *

Now perfumed Night, sad-faced and far,
Walks up the world in sombre brown.
Now suddenly a loosened star
Lets all her golden hair fall down.
And Night is dead Day's coffin-lid,
With cords of gold shot through the pall."

Simply to quote him, is the highest praise to be rendered a poet who can write like this. When we give a rose to a friend, we do not hand him, with it, a botanical analysis of the flower.

"An Ethical Movement"

A Volume of Lectures. By W. L. Sheldon. Macmillan Co.

THIS BOOK consists of sixteen lectures, or essays, and is designed to set forth the character and purposes of the ethical-culture movement as conceived by one of its ablest and most ardent workers. Mr. Sheldon, who is preacher to

the Ethical Society of St. Louis, has evidently given long and earnest study to the subjects with which he deals, and much that he says is well worthy of attention, even from those who do not accept his standpoint, nor agree with his views. He is strongly impressed and troubled, as so many others are, with the moral and religious difficulties of the present age, and wishes to find some way out of them. Social questions also interest him, but he rightly deems them subordinate to the deeper problems of morals and religion. The one great fact in the spiritual life of humanity to-day is the decay of religious belief, the old religions being no longer satisfying, while as yet there is no new one, nor any prospect of one, to take their place. Moreover, religion has hitherto given too little attention to the moral aspects of life, and has not done what it should do towards improving the moral character of men. Yet the need of moral improvement and regeneration was never greater than now. Indeed, Mr. Sheldon believes that the world is now passing through the greatest crisis in its history, and we believe that few thoughtful students of human affairs can be found to-day who dispute that opinion.

He holds that "we are at the critical epoch when moral or spiritual aspirations are in danger of decline or shipwreck. Never in all history has there been a period when true civilization was in greater peril" (pp. 8-9). And again he says:—"What we have to contend with is not 'belief' or 'unbelief,' but the lack of deep interest in the more ideal aspects of life. * * * The one thing we seem to care the least about is to make our religion a part of our life. What we appear most to care for is rather the pleasure of talking and speculating about it" (p. 80). Hence he maintains that we ought at present to lay stress on the moral side of life and the need of moral improvement. On the question of theism his attitude, like that of most of the ethical preachers, is agnostic, and he will only affirm, with Matthew Arnold, that there is a stream of tendency that makes for righteousness. Such are the general principles that Mr. Sheldon lays down as the basis of the ethical movement to which he has devoted his life, and which, he seems to think, is destined to have a marked influence on the moral life of the world. When, however, we inquire about the specific character of the new ideal which he asks us to pursue, or the philosophical foundation on which his ethical system rests, we get no answer. We are to do our duty at all hazards, and endeavor to lead a higher life; but what, in specific terms, our duty is, and what sort of conduct is needed for the higher life—these things he fails to tell us. In one place he speaks with approval of the Hegelian principle of self-realization as the aim of moral action; yet his own moral code, so far as we can gather it from scattered intimations in this book, is—like that of most liberal thinkers of the present day—a compound of Christianity and Utilitarianism. It is this indefiniteness that prevents our having much faith in the ethical-culture movement, and leads us to think that its influence will be neither deep nor lasting.

Having shown the need of moral reform at the present time, and having given us a general idea of the ethical religion that he believes in, Mr. Sheldon goes on to discuss certain historical and practical questions of an ethical character. He devotes two chapters to the Christian and the stoic ideals; but, as he brings out nothing really new, we need not dwell upon them. Nor does he offer anything striking on matters of practical importance. Indeed, one of his chapters is entitled "The Difficulty of Taking Sides on Questions of the Day," and shows very clearly that his ethical religion furnishes no new guidance in the solution of such questions. In regard to marriage, his views are distinctly reactionary, for he takes his stand with the Roman Catholic Church in favor of the absolute indissolubility of the marriage tie. In regard to reforms in social organization, he says very truly that they are to be judged according to their probable effects on human character. Mr. Sheldon's book is a product of

the age; and, while it contains much that is interesting, we doubt if it will satisfy any impartial inquirer. The religion of the future must be far more definite and far better grounded in philosophical principles than anything which the leaders of the ethical-culture movement have thus far offered us.

"The Mind of the Master"

By Ian Maclaren (John Watson). Dodd, Mead & Co.

HAPPY, THRICE HAPPY, is the reviewer in whose allotted quota of books is a volume from the hand of Ian Maclaren. For the sake of one such book, we can afford to endure the exhaustive emptiness of many others, just as we sometimes eat a good deal of dry pie-crust for the sake of the juicy berries inside. And juice there is, of a most rich and savory flavor, in the book before us, although its contents are sermons on topics that aforesome have been desiccated into a kind of theological shredded wheat and served without cream or milk to the hungering multitudes. The book-gobbling world may not have stopped long enough between its rapacious mouthfuls to appreciate the fact that we have very few volumes of good sermons; and, what is still more deplorable, even the best ones are crowded into semi-oblivion by the "thingness of the here"—and the heretofore happens to be the everlasting novel—"which obscures the more remote." One of the finest homiletic works in America of which we know is Dr. Parkhurst's "Three Gates on a Side," and, oddly enough, there are several striking coincidences of thought and expression in the latter volume and Dr. Watson's "Mind of the Master." We cannot refrain from recommending to these two noted divines to exchange complimentary copies of their respective works. They will be comforted and interested in comparing their theological dimensions, which are very similar. In their styles, the *nuance* of their epigrams, the resemblance is most striking.

"Jesus was not an agreeable sentimentalist," writes Dr. Watson, "who imagined he could cleanse the world by rose-water." Dr. Parkhurst had the same thought in mind when he said that one didn't try to "cure a cancer by applying a bread poultice"; or, again, when he told his Madison Square audience that there was such a thing as "the milk of the word and the water-gruel of the word." In Dr. Watson's chapter on "The Dynamic of Religion," we find a perfect agreement with one of Dr. Parkhurst's most eloquent sermons, from the text "I know whom I have believed." "Identify your cause with a person," writes Dr. Watson. "It is a person, not a dogma, which invites my faith; a person, not a code, which asks for obedience." All of which is included in Dr. Parkhurst's epigram:—"Creed that converges in a person can get along without pencil and paper. * * * There is a man that doesn't believe in Christianity, but he believes in his Christian mother. * * * We make Christianity hard by crumpling it up into impersonal propositions. Believe in your immortal mother, or your immortal wife, and remand the unfeasted dogma of immortality to the limbo of forgetfulness where it belongs." One might go on with page after page of parallel passages like these, but we will not spoil the reader's pleasure in making his own discoveries.

"Genuine humor and true wit," says Landor, "require a sound and capacious mind, which is always a grave one." Could one ask for a better illustration of the truth of this assertion than is found in the works of Ian Maclaren? In his stories he has shown himself preeminently the master of pure pathos and humor; in his sermons he is just as much more Dr. Watson as is fitting. The high seriousness and sweet reasonableness of everything he says, as well as the winsome persuasiveness in his manner of saying it, compels the reader's willing and glad assent. There is, moreover, in all his utterances, a tender and profoundly reverent tone that falls soft upon our spirit, like the starry quietudes of night. Altogether base and sordid must one be, if he can read with

no quickening of the spiritual germs within him the first chapter's beautiful creed, which every church should adopt:—

"I believe in the Fatherhood of God; I believe in the words of Jesus; I believe in the clean heart; I believe in the service of love; I believe in the unworldly life; I believe in the Beatitudes. I promise to trust God and follow Christ, to forgive my enemies and to seek after the righteousness of God."

"Who would refuse to sign this creed?" asks the author; and we repeat his question, Who would refuse to sign this creed?

"A History of Modern Banks of Issue"

By Charles A. Conant. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN SPITE OF the fact that the number of recent books on different monetary and banking topics is legion, Mr. Conant's work is, we think, the only one in our language that covers the particular field indicated by its title. Good accounts of the most important banks of issue are, indeed, sufficiently numerous. But to get information concerning all the banks treated by Mr. Conant, one would need a very considerable library. Since the topic of issue banking is one of great and immediate importance, a book which gives in a single volume comparative studies covering so wide a field cannot fail to be very useful, provided, of course, it is fairly well done. The book before us certainly fulfills this condition. It is a good piece of work. The spirit is impartial and moderate, the matter is accurate and well arranged, the style is clear, easy and sufficiently forceful. Of course, we cannot agree with Mr. Conant at every point. He seems to us a little too confident in the safety of unfettered bank issues. He professes, indeed, to admit that some regulation may be necessary, but only such regulation as is needed for commercial paper and other forms of indebtedness. At this point we demur. Nothing seems to us better established than the proposition that bank-notes are *not* just like any other form of bank liability—that, as a matter of fact, they do partake in some degree of the nature of money; and, in consequence, that the general public has a vital interest in requiring their careful and special regulation—an interest the same in kind, if not in degree, that it has in the securing of a good coinage system.

We doubt, further, whether Mr. Conant is correct in supposing that the preponderance of economic opinion is with him at this point. It seems to us that in this matter he rather represents an attitude which prevailed say up to 1870. Since that time, the drift among economists (not bankers), we should say, is toward considerable restrictions on the right of issue. Again, we doubt whether Mr. Conant, like a good many other contemporaneous writers, is not attaching too much weight to the examples of Scotland and Canada. If anything is well established in recent economic science, it is the necessity of adapting proposed systems to local conditions, national temperament, etc. We are a much less conservative, a much more numerous and a much more diversified people than either the Scotch or the Canadians; and we have forty-five independent centres of legislation, representing in some degree real diversities of interest. While, therefore, we can doubtless get some valuable suggestions from their experience, we cannot safely transplant their systems without alteration. However, Mr. Conant's theoretical views, whether right or wrong, do not detract from the value of his book as a contribution to the scientific history of issue banking. While the whole book may be looked upon as a special plea for bank issues as against Government issues, this fact has scarcely anywhere given an appreciable coloring to his account of the different banks treated. Possibly his verdict has not been sufficiently favorable to the English Bank Act of 1844, which, in spite of theoretical objections, seems to have worked pretty well. Doubtless, it ought to be changed in the direction of greater elasticity; but it is probable that few experts would counsel any sweeping change, such as the adoption of free banking.

Though the book is not formally divided into parts, its chapters naturally fall into three groups. The first consists of the first and last chapters, which contain the theoretic portion of the work, and are designated respectively "The Theory of a Banking Currency" and "The Advantages of a Banking Currency." The second group consists of Chapters II-XVIII, and constitutes the real body of the work. These chapters are devoted to the history of issue banking in all parts of the world, including even Latin America and the Oriental countries. A third group of chapters, XIX-XXII, is devoted to crises, especially their history. As already implied, Mr. Conant's theoretic discussion favors the issue of the paper currency by banks only, and that under very liberal conditions. He does not specifically define the degree of regulation which he considers justifiable, but the plain implication is that he would have it very low. The special advantages of a banking currency that he discusses are four: Economy and convenience in making payments; the adjustment of the volume of currency to business conditions; the promotion of banking facilities and of the use of instruments of credit; and the adherence to a fixed metallic standard of value. His first point is the least well made of the four. Most of the space given to it is employed in showing the economy secured by credit media of exchange, such as checks, clearing-houses, etc. Plainly, these can be employed without a banking currency. His other points are fairly established.

The historical chapters of the book constitute its essential portion and are well done. The chapter on the national banking system of the United States seems to us least satisfactory, telling too much about other matters, and too little about national banks. The discussion of state banks, on the other hand, is very good. A particularly valuable feature of this portion of the book is the thorough up-to-dateness of the information. The chapters on crises are valuable, but the justification of their inclusion in a work having this title is not always evident. Doubtless, the supposed relation to these crises of the issue of bank money forms the fundamental reason for treatment here. The actual discussion, however, is quite general, rather than confined to the specific matter of the influence of issue banking on crises. Still, these chapters contain much valuable matter for which most readers will be grateful.

"The Life of James McCosh"

Edited by William Milligan Sloane. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE NAME OF Dr. McCosh is in the minds of most people so closely associated with Princeton and with America as to make it a little hard to realize that only twenty-six years out of his eighty-three were actually spent in this country. Those who knew and revered him will be glad to have this full and rounded account of his whole life, so largely from his own pen, and touching in due proportion on the various parts he played as a thinker, public leader and practical man of affairs. Prof. Sloane modestly speaks of it in the light of a provisional biography, considering that the time has not yet arrived for a critical estimate of Dr. McCosh's life and work, but determining to arrange, as early as possible, the available material in the way of the facts and dates of his career. More than half the chapters are filled, either wholly or mainly, with autobiographical matter; the four which deal with Princeton, naturally the most interesting to Americans, are (except a brief introduction) merely the reproduction of the account given of his stewardship by Dr. McCosh when he resigned the President's chair in 1888, and, while they have an interest as a consistent survey of those twenty years so memorable for Princeton, they read disjointedly with regard to the plan of a book. In fact, the volume is by no means satisfactory as a literary whole, though we understand Prof. Sloane to disarm criticism by admitting this at the outset. The component parts, autobiographical and other, are put together somewhat unskillfully, and the large section to which we have just referred is to a considerable extent a

record of the progress of the College rather than of Dr. McCosh's personal history. That a better life need not have waited many years to be written will be evident from a comparison of this book with the biography of Dr. Barnard, recently reviewed by us, the two Presidents having closed their parallel careers, as far as active service was concerned, about the same time. In the meanwhile, these accumulations of *mémoires pour servir* have a substantial value, and will be read with interest by the many who have been brought into contact with Dr. McCosh, either as a teacher or through his books.

James McCosh was born on 1 April 1811, at his father's farm-house of Carskeoch, in Ayrshire, the kind of place which is considered an ideal one for the training of childhood. At the age of thirteen, in accordance with the custom of those days, he was sent to Glasgow University, and went thence to Edinburgh, drawn specially by the teaching of Dr. Chalmers, whom he regarded in later life as the greatest man he had ever met, but not unmindful of the presence of Scott, Jeffrey, Wilson, Hamilton and Leslie. Always a philosopher (at sixteen, we are told, thoughts of "The Method of the Divine Government" were already floating in his mind), he had not at first the intention of devoting himself to education. In 1834 he began preaching, "his aim being to become minister of a country parish," and not long after was settled in the pastoral charge of Arbroath, believed to be the Fairport of "The Antiquary," where he was a near neighbor of Thomas Guthrie, uncle of the future Mrs. McCosh, until the latter accepted the pulpit of the Old Grey Friars Church in Edinburgh, which young McCosh had declined. On his going to Brechin, five years later, his reminiscences bring us into amusing contact with "the dissidence of Dissent." Besides the Episcopal Church—forever associated in the minds of his fellow-churchmen with the then Bishop, Dr. Forbes, though Dr. McCosh does not mention his great contemporary,—there were no less than five distinct varieties of Presbyterianism in the little town of five or six thousand people. But division was to be carried still further, and Dr. McCosh was to have no small share in the work of setting up the Free Church as a protest against the reception of state aid, which they called Erastianism, by the Established Kirk. Two chapters are mainly concerned with the events of the disruption, which read like very far-off and ancient history to those who are not of Scottish blood, and contain a good deal of quite unconscious humor.

After the arduous labors of disruption had a little relaxed, Dr. McCosh began his career as a philosophical writer with the publication, in 1850, of the work above named, which no less an authority than Sir William Hamilton at once pronounced "worthy of the highest encomium." To this book he owed almost immediately his appointment to the chair of logic and metaphysics in the college at Belfast of the newly founded Queen's University, and the beginning of an educational career which was to last to the close of his active life. The eighteen years at Belfast were by no means devoted exclusively to the teaching of philosophy by word and writing. As at Princeton, he was active in all schemes for good, caring for the spiritual welfare of all who were brought into relation with him, laboring to promote working-men's clubs and the circulation of the Scriptures, and carrying out his anti-Erastian principles by supporting the Irish Presbyterians in the establishment of a Sustenation Fund, which he used later to advocate in America. Called back in 1856 to teach apologetics and theology at Glasgow, he resolutely declined, and continued the exercise of his various activities at Belfast until he was invited, in 1868, to assume the presidency of Princeton College. On the occasion of a previous visit to this country (one whole chapter records his travels in Germany and, less minutely, in the United States), he had been impressed with the belief that the American colleges, "while they had not the prestige nor the consolidation of the European ones in such departments as mathematics and clas-

sics, had nevertheless a better capacity for development"; and it may have been this which tempted him to leave his work in Ireland.

It was a critical period for American higher education. New ideas were abroad, scarcely tested as yet; possibilities were in the air, of splendid promise. "Four years previously, Columbia had called Barnard to lay the foundations of her regeneration; Harvard had chosen Eliot for the same purpose; Gilman was soon to be intrusted with the organization of Johns Hopkins as a hearthstone of the highest specialization; Yale was sowing the seeds of prosperity under Woolsey, and Princeton was now to enter the lists under McCosh." No small task was set before "a foreigner, well on in middle life, who was expected to evolve a new system, to win public confidence, to regenerate student manners, and to secure the endowments necessary for a work of such magnitude." How the task was accomplished is told by Dr. McCosh with honorable pride in the lengthy narrative of which we have spoken. There is no need to repeat its facts here, or to tell American readers what he did for Princeton. It will be many a day before the aid of a biography will be needed to recall this period of his life to any who are concerned with collegiate education in America.

"James Inwick"

Ploughman and Elder. By P. Hay Hunter. Harper & Bros.

IN SPITE of the bad examples set them by other nations, it is comforting to remember that the Scotch have still kept on producing masterpieces that are altogether clean, wholesome and humorous. Can any other nation—with the exception, perhaps, of our own—show a literature so unsullied by anything "cloitered" as the Scotch? So sure are we of getting something uncompromisingly decent when we open a Scotch book, that it is a positive delight and an occasion for thankfulness to review one of their stories. Even the havers and clavers of their fey characters are wiser than the wisest wisdom of oafish authors who grow their literary lilies in mires and bogs of miasmatic indecency. The richness and purity of Scotch literature have not come by chance. The same qualities that appear in their books, they have wrought into their lives. They do not dwell in a land of wind-swept braes, eating wholesome parritch and living god-fearing, kirk-going lives for naught. Even their words have a rugged virtue about them—especially those denouncing vices, as though they could not coin terms that thumped hard enough. Add to these their long vocabulary of bonnie, sonsie words, that lilt their way into the ear, like the laverock's morning song, and it is easy to understand why the Scotch are so well qualified to use that "drop of ink that makes a million think."

The book that has switched us off into these side-track speculations is the tale of James Inwick, whose life was embittered by the struggles that grew out of the bill to establish the Kirk in Scotland. The entire story is told in the delightful dialect of the edge of the Highlands, and, though there is not a suggestion of romance about it, its vigorous originality and humor hold the reader's attention better than the plot of many a novelist. Particularly fine is the author's account of the schism among the people after the firebrand oration by the Liberal member:

"The tae side said his speech was juist a leesh o' lees, an' the tither side said it was as true's Gospel; an' awteen them the ill-will that was steered up, an' the bitin' an' scortin', an' flytin' like kail-wives an' sweirin' like cairters, took a' the pleasure out o' life, * * * an' men quarrelled wi' their wives, an' sat glunshin' an' gloomin' at the chimney-cheeks, or gaed awa to the public, * * * an' ye couldna be lang in ony company without somethin' bein' said that gart them a' tak the bizz thegither, an' syne there was an end to guid fellowship an' richt feelin'."

As a study of the Kirk question, or of Scotch dialect and humor, Mr. Hunter's book is a valuable and delectable addition to literature.

"Notes of the Night"

And Other Outdoor Sketches. By Charles C. Abbott, M.D. The Century Co.

AUTHORS sometimes find it as difficult to get a good title as to write a book. Dr. Abbott labors under no such disadvantage—or, if he does, the public has no reason to suspect it. His titles are so happily chosen, indeed, that one might almost suspect him of selecting them first, and then writing his books to fit them. "A Naturalist's Rambles about Home" introduced him twelve years ago to a wide circle of readers, that welcomed in succession his "Upland and Meadow," "Wasteland Wanderings," "Days Out of Doors," "Outings at Odd Times," "Recent Rambles," "The Birds about Us" and "Travels in a Treetop." Nor did it desert him when he turned from natural history to fiction, and proved, in "A Colonial Wooing," that the observer and recorder of facts was at home also in the world of fancy. It is his intention, we believe, to follow up the success of his novelette with another venture in the same direction; but meanwhile, in "Notes of the Night," he has returned to the field that first inspired him, early in the last decade, to court fame as a writer.

In the latest of his books he goes over much of the ground that he has traversed before—the New Jersey region lying immediately below Trenton, and extending along Crosswicks Creek to the point where it pours into the Delaware at Bordentown. But while the scene is the same, the time is so changed that we find ourselves on virtually virgin soil. It is the difference between day and night, between light and darkness, between familiar landmarks and a *terra incognita*. As the day has various degrees of brightness, so the darkness of night is not invariable. "What is night?" asks Dr. Abbott, on the first page of his book. "As treated in the following pages, it is that portion of every twenty-four hours when we are without direct sunlight. Its birth is the gloaming or twilight; its maturity, darkness; its death, the dawn. In the city these conditions are not so well marked, but beyond the town's limits, Nature still rules, and he who is curious in such matters finds the twilight the beginning of a day of new activities."

So from "twilight gray" to the blackest hour of a storm-filled midnight, our skilled conductor guides us among the beasts and birds, the insects, reptiles and fishes that bestir themselves more or less between the set of sun and break of day, leading us boldly, anon, in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp and again striking panic to our souls by the cry of a screech-owl or the scraping of a leaf across the snow. When he takes us abroad under a full moon, we still find his guidance useful and entertaining; for he is one of those born observers who "see as with a microscope and hear as with an ear-trumpet." The description were perhaps truer of him than of Thoreau, to whom Emerson strikingly applied it. Dr. Abbott sticks to his text as a naturalist more closely than did the Hermit of Walden Pond—though so great is his admiration of the latter, that we cannot hope to please him by apparent disparagement of his forerunner. What he thinks of those who fail to appreciate his hero, he says plainly enough in the last essay in this dainty volume, where even Lowell and Emerson escape not chastisement.

More than one-third of the book is included in the opening sketch, the remaining space being subdivided among eight briefer papers. The longest and best of these, "When Grass is Green," is a study of nature—and human nature—by daylight. Entertainment of the same sort is to be had from "Out of the Beaten Path," "An Old Barn," "A Rocky Roadside," "Landmarks" and "A Yule-tide Ramble." "Up Pearson's Lane"—one of the slightest of the octet—has the incidental merit of being true even to its eponymous title. Long as is the list of Dr. Abbott's books, the latest shows no sign that its author has written himself out—as indeed how could he, his theme being Nature herself?

"The Seats of the Mighty"

Being the Memoirs of Captain Robert Moray, sometime an Officer in the Virginia Regiment, and afterwards of Amherst's Regiment. By Gilbert Parker. D. Appleton & Co.

MR. PARKER has here entered the lists as an author of a romance in what has been deemed since the days of Scott, Cooper and Thackeray the highest class of novels—the historical. Indeed, we might go much further back for our examples; for what are the Homeric poems and some of the greatest plays of Shakespeare, but historical romances in verse? It must be admitted that Mr. Parker has not been an unsuccessful follower of these illustrious leaders. It is true that his theatre of action has deprived him, as it had deprived Cooper in his American novels, of some of the showiest accessories of such romances—

"A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene,"

but he has come as near to these requirements as his circumstances would allow. A king's son is one of his leading characters; the French monarchy and an international war of vast dimensions are involved in his plot. The great names of Montcalm and Wolfe and some others hardly less noted figure among the personages of his drama; and its final catastrophe involves a world-famous battle, which decided the destiny of half a continent. The style of the book, the descriptions of scenes and the delineations of character are not unworthy of the greatness of the theme. It is true that some of the incidents of the plot seem far-fetched and rather ignoble by contrast. The hero, a Scotch emigrant of good family—indeed, of the blood of Montrose, as we are carefully informed,—becomes a friend and fellow-soldier of Washington, and by a peculiar fortune is made the depositary of compromising letters from a "great French lady" to Charles Edward, the Pretender. This French lady was a "growing rival" of the "Grande Marquise," La Pompadour, in the counsels and favor of King Louis XV. To procure these letters for the discomfiture of her rival, the Marquise was ready either to bring about a war, or to avert it. She had despatched to Quebec for this purpose a courtier of high position, one Doltaire, a natural son of the King, and a man of remarkable talents and resources, who held for years a powerful influence in the councils of the colony, and, by a strange chance, became for a single day the Viceroy and sole ruler of the country.

The story comprises the series of intrigues by which, for several years, he endeavored to extort from the narrator and hero, then a prisoner of war in Quebec, the delivery of the compromising letters, with the manner in which his intrigues were foiled by the firmness of the hero and the ingenuity and equal resolution of the Canadian heroine, Alixe Duvarney. In tracing the character of the accomplished courtier, intellectual cynic and conscienceless yet not ungenerous adventurer, Doltaire, and that of the brilliant, loving, faithful and always charming heroine, the author has displayed powers of a high order. The chief drawback to the excellence of the book is the author's injudicious attempt to combine incompatibles—to make his tale a modern magazine story of always lively adventure and at the same time a painstaking and instructive historical novel. The latter demands introductory disquisition and frequent explanations. Such passages, in which Scott was by no means sparing, are pronounced by the modern reader wearisome; and the modern writer endeavors to free his pages from the burden by simply dropping it altogether. So Captain Robert Moray begins his memoirs in a manner in which no narrator in real life ever commenced the story of his adventures. The very first sentences of a tale which is to involve the author's imprisonment in a dungeon, his sentence to death as a spy, his romantic escape from captivity, and his share in the final capture of Quebec, run as follows:—

"When Monsieur Doltaire entered the salon, and dropping lazily in a chair beside Madame Duvarney and her daughter,

drawled out, "England's Braddock—fool and general—has gone to heaven, Captain Moray, and your papers send you there also; I did not shift a jot, but looked over at him gravely—for God knows, I was startled—and I said, 'The General is dead.'"

This, if bewilderingly abrupt, is certainly a lively beginning for a magazine story; but as the commencement of a memoir it is altogether unnatural; and unfortunately the taint of unreality will continue to cling to history so commenced, as the sagacious Scott well understood. He preferred to be tiresome at first, if by this he secured the confidence of his reader, and made his story clearly understood throughout. Mr. Parker, in his first chapter, involves us at once in the local politics of Quebec, and especially in the differences between the Governor and the Intendant, without giving to the presumably ignorant English or Anglo-American reader the slightest hint of the nature of the peculiar position held by the latter anomalous French colonial official, who plays so important a part throughout the book. This is a capital defect, which none of Mr. Parker's distinguished predecessors would have overlooked.

Nevertheless, it must be said that our author has managed, not only to make his novel exceedingly interesting, but at the same time to keep remarkably true to the thread of history. He has also avoided the error into which too many writers of historical novels have fallen—including even a famous master in that line, the elder Dumas,—that of making the domestic romance a mere appendage of the historical narrative. Our author has managed very ingeniously—if sometimes at a little expense of probability—to keep his love-story and his history happily interwoven to the end.

As Others See Us

Aux États-Unis. Par le Dr. Auguste Lutaud. Brentano's.

DR. LUTAUD cannot be accused of hostility towards us and our institutions; on the contrary, he is ready to admire, even where he does not understand, or misunderstands, and his only preoccupation in writing his book has evidently been the fear that he would not be able to convince his compatriots that we are a civilized people, with a great many peculiarities, it is true, but still a nation that must not be classed with the Chinese. There is hardly a trace of condescension in his pages, but, rather, a very evident desire to disarm the prejudice of his countrymen, and to convince them of our worthiness of their examination. He assures them that President Cleveland "semble très intelligent," which makes us suspect that the French have observed a woful lack of that quality in their own chief executives; and he is even more liberal with our millions than we are ourselves, as when he says that Étienne Girard left \$10,000,000 for the foundation of the college named after him, whereas the true figure is from five to seven millions. He admires the New York way of riding in cars packed to the verge of indecency, and prefers it to the European system, which prescribes the number of passengers for each vehicle and often obliges one to wait. He honestly believes that we like our pushing, crowding and packing in elevated trains and cable-cars, and do it from choice; and of our elusive dream of rapid transit and its endless difficulties he has never heard. He ascribes our twenty-story office buildings to the American desire to do everything on a larger scale than all other nations on the globe, but does not consider the fact that the price of real estate—to which he refers elsewhere—may have something to do with the matter. He speaks of our *selfmademen* all in one breath, as if the process of manufacture did not take many years; and he assures his readers that railroad danger signals bear the inscription, "Take care; the railroad is crossing here."

He admires our women, does not like our private residences, which are narrow and deep, has nothing but praise for our hotels, railroads and "floating palaces," marvels that all our *blanchisseuses* are Chinamen, who often charge one dollar for laundering a shirt, and makes merry over the *pharmacien*s who sell segars and soda-water combinations, postage-stamps, writing-paper, candy and (according to M. de Guerville) flowers, and considers the accusation so often brought against Chicago, that she only cares for material things and scorns culture, as utterly false.

Dr. Lutaud is neither a sharp observer nor a diligent student. He has visited us, enjoyed himself thoroughly and returned home with the honest desire to make known to his countrymen the good qualities of a people that had received him evidently with all its

proverbial hospitality. He does not understand us very well, to be sure, but he appreciates us. And, therefore, though he has made no important contribution to the growing literature on ourselves, we wish to thank him for his anxiety to set us right before his own somewhat bigoted countrymen.

"The Problem of State Railroad Control"

By Frank H. Dixon. *Library of Economics and Politics. T. Y. Crowell & Co.*

THIS IS NOT a philosophical discussion of the moral and legal grounds on which the control of railroads by the state is demanded, but merely a history of such control as it has been exercised in the State of Iowa. The book opens with a brief account of railroads and railroad law in Iowa before 1878, and then proceeds to describe the Advisory Railroad Commission established by the State Legislature in that year. The author gives in an appendix a copy of the act by which the Commission was created, and in the text an account of its actual working, showing in what respect it succeeded and in what it failed. It seems to have done well in settling matters of minor importance and in removing misunderstandings, and sometimes in cases of greater moment, especially when some obvious injustice on the part of the railroads was complained of. But, according to Mr. Dixon, it failed just where control was most needed, namely, in putting a stop to discriminations between shippers and between localities. Its powers were, as we have said, purely advisory, and when the railroad companies refused to accept its decisions, it could only report to the Legislature or to the courts. In 1888, however, its powers were enlarged by a new law giving it authority to fix rates to a certain extent, and also to exercise certain other functions of control and regulation. The working of these is set forth by the author in considerable detail, but we have not space to follow him here.

Mr. Dixon, who began his investigations of the subject with a bias in favor of a merely advisory commission, now believes that the Iowa experiment has proved the insufficiency of such a commission, and that some power of control is necessary. He justly remarks, however, that we shall have to look to Congress to solve the most important part of the problem, that of interstate commerce, and that its complete solution will require the co-operation of the state authorities with those of the Union. The facts presented in the book will doubtless be of use to those who have to deal with the subject practically; but whoever opens it with the expectation of getting valuable advice for the future will, we fear, be disappointed.

"Money and Banking"

Illustrated by American History. By Horace White. Ginn & Co.

IT IS A FAMILIAR commonplace among economists that the United States furnishes the great experiment station for students of money and banking. The general youthfulness of our national spirit, our natural openness to new ideas, the constant presence of nearly balanced groups holding opposite views, the perpetual reinforcement of the radical frontier element by the opening up of new states—these and many other causes keep us constantly making in economic matters rash experiments which would scarcely be possible in older, smaller and more homogenous communities. It is, therefore, the most natural thing in the world to write a book which shall present the principles of money and banking as illustrated in the experience of the United States.

For a task of this sort, Mr. White is in many ways peculiarly fitted. He is a man of much intellectual vigor. Having been long a journalist, he has a very intimate acquaintance with current legislation and history. He has, during this time, studied much and written much on monetary and banking topics. His style is exceptionally clear, vivid and effective. For all these reasons, the reader cannot but be grateful for this book, although the author does not put himself in the purely scientific attitude of the scholar who cares for nothing but to give a complete and accurate account of what has been. While, therefore, he has not written the standard history of money in the United States, he has prepared an exceedingly valuable book upon the subject—one incomparably superior to any other covering the same ground. The theoretic discussions are strong, clear and interesting. The history is told with a definite setting-forth of salient points, and a direct and spirited style which carries the reader along without effort. From the specialist's standpoint, the best portions are those which treat certain topics on which materials are rather limited and inaccessible. Among the interesting chapters of this sort might be mentioned those on "Confederate Currency," "The Gold Boom" and "Banking in the Fifties."

"England's Wealth Ireland's Poverty"

By Thomas Lough, M.P. Imported by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE AUTHOR of this work maintains that the rate of taxation in Ireland, as compared with that in England, is excessive, and that some reduction of the taxes now levied in the former country is a necessity. He speaks, indeed, as if he believed excessive taxation to be the main cause of the general poverty of the Irish people, though he thinks that land rents are still too high there, and must be further reduced. The taxes now amount to forty-nine shillings *per capita*, part of them being Ireland's share of the imperial taxes, and the remainder the local taxes for local purposes. The author gives a somewhat elaborate account of the history of Irish taxation during the present century, with some notice of the local expenditures. He specially objects to the income tax and the whiskey and tobacco taxes; yet these are levied at the same rate in England as in Ireland, and no man need pay the liquor or tobacco tax unless he pleases. His contention, that the imperial taxes ought to be at a lower rate in Ireland than in England, will hardly meet with approval in the United States, whose Constitution expressly requires that such taxes shall be uniform throughout the whole country.

That some economies might be effected in local expenditure is quite likely; but, nevertheless, the tendency in all civilized countries at the present day is toward an extension of state and municipal activities, with a consequent increase of expenses. We very much doubt, therefore, whether it will be possible to reduce the Irish taxes to any considerable extent, though some changes in the kind of taxes levied, as well as in the methods of expenditure, may be made. As for the depressed state of Irish agriculture, we suspect that that is largely due to the competition of the United States and other countries having a more fertile soil, or greater facilities for agricultural production, than Ireland. But while we cannot agree with all Mr. Lough's opinions, we find much in his book that we can heartily commend. It is thoroughly judicial in tone, entirely free from party spirit, and shows no special hankering after Home Rule. Its defects are mainly due to a certain narrowness of view, which has led the author to confine his observation almost exclusively to Ireland, without due consideration of the condition and competition of other countries. The work will be useful, however, as an effective presentation of one side of the case.

"Cefestina."

The Tragick Comedy of Colisto and Melibea. Englished from the Spanish of F. de Rojas by James Mabbe. Tudor Translations. Edited by W. E. Henley. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS ONCE REBELLING book, which critics still fight over and assert is a drama, though others definitely call it a novel in dialogue, is of disputed origin and came out in English form in James Mabbe's translation, in 1631. Mr. James Fitzmaurice Kelley, who writes the introduction in rather exaggerated style, affirms that the Spanish writer of the original, Fernando de Rojas, was an artist and realist of high accomplishment, and does not scruple to compare him, among moderns, to Guy de Maupassant, because he is so thoroughly permeated with disillusionment, intellectual disdain, plunging pessimism and passion for precision of form. The play—or novel—is reminiscent of Ovid's "Amores," Petronius's "Satyricon," of Plautus and Pamphilus Maurilianus, and celebrates the unusual theme of love for love's sake, "bringing it forth from the fantastic dusk of romance, the home of shadowy kings and queens, into that light of common day which shines on men and women." Gaston Paris, the eminent French critic, finds this kind of love for the first time in "Tristan and Ysolt," and Rojas rings the changes on it in a style which struck Mabbe, the friend of Ben Jonson and translator of Cervantes. He turned the book into that racy "Tudor" English (not strictly such chronologically) which Mr. Henley and his collaborators are preserving for us in this admirable series of Tudor Translations. Mabbe excellently illustrates Dryden's great canon of criticism for translations:—"Never dwell on the words of an author: catch his spirit; and be master of both languages."

The July Magazines

(Concluded from last week)

"Appletons' Popular Science Monthly"

WHAT PROMISES to be a very important series of papers, by Prof. J. Mark Baldwin of Princeton, is begun in this number. It will deal with "The Genius and His Environment," the introductory paper preparing the reader thoroughly and clearly for the

social view of the man of genius that is to follow. Prof. Baldwin takes a view diametrically opposed to that of the hero-worshipper, who considers his idol a phenomenon unaccounted for, and unaccountable. "It seems," he says, "that we have now at hand in our recent literature some social truths of such generality that certain things may be said of social progress which do not rob the genius of his credit, nor of his influence, even though they do tend to explain him. They go further, indeed, in that they explain him in the same terms and to the same extent that they explain the common man and society too."—From "Sociology in Ethical Education," by B. C. Matthews, a most thoughtful paper, we quote the following:—"If, as we think, the presence among men of erroneous ideas is the cause of social disorders, the cure will be their displacement, through educational processes, with such as will produce right character in men and inspire right relations among men. We believe this is entirely possible, and we think that both the agencies and the methods are in sight. Both must be educational. All political and legislative schemes, the single-tax theory, the nationalization of land and industries, all socialistic projects, all co-operative remedies, will prove of little avail, if they aim at curing social disorders by improving the environment only of the man. The man himself is wrong. He is the thing which needs correction and improvement; not the world in which he lives, or the form of government under which he lives. The only possible way of correcting him, and through him of permanently curing social disorders, is through the processes of education—education of the child with the potential man in him."—The portrait of the month is of the distinguished Dutch physiologist, Jacob Moleschott.

"Cosmopolis"

COBDEN naturally holds the place of honor in the June *Cosmopolis*, apropos of the fiftieth anniversary, on June 26, of the repeal of the Corn Laws. In the English section of the review we find a paper on "The Jubilee of Free Trade," by Henry Dunckley (Verax); M. Leroy Beaulieu writes of "Richard Cobden" in the French section, and there is a comprehensive German paper on "Ein Jubiläum des Freihandels und der Demokratie," by Theodor Bath.—Among the literary papers, that on "The Case Against Goethe," by Prof. Edward Dowden, deserves most attention. According to this eminent authority, "Goethe's life, like his chief writings, lacks unity and organization. It is rather a series of different lives, each incomplete, placed one upon the top of another, than a single life embodying one great idea, and accomplishing one supreme work." * * * His career as an artist, like his life as a man, is neither single nor homogeneous; it is, indeed, a succession of excursions and retreats.* * * He experimented endlessly towards the creation of a new German literature; but a literature grows from the soil, and is not the manufacture of tentative culture. To what school of architecture does his shrine of art belong? Shall we say that it is designed in the Franco-Anglo-Persico-Greco-Roman-German style?" Prof. Dowden's paper was read as the presidential address before the English Goethe Society, on May 1. The replies made at the meeting by Mr. Alford and Dr. Oswald, the Secretary of the Society, are not given.—In his article on "Byron and Wordsworth," Alois Brandl thus sums up the difference between the two poets: "Byron is all intellect; Wordsworth is all character."—Of the two papers on the Paris salons of the year, one in English, by D. S. MacColl, the other in German, by Carl Aldenhoven, we like the latter best. The writer objects especially to the philosophy of the modern French painters, their superficial, untrue pessimism.

Magazine Note

THE JULY *Looker On* contains the first part of a paper on "Voice Production and Analysis," by Prof. W. Hallock and Dr. F. S. Muckey; some remarks on extreme stage realism, "The Drama Overdressed," by Tudor Jenks; and "A Note on 'Lohengrin,'" by William D. Moffatt, who complains that M. Jean de Reszke as Lohengrin vanquishes Telramund with sword uplifted, compelling him to fall as if by magic. This, he says, destroys the true significance of the later scenes of the opera completely. He is undoubtedly right, but, for our part, M. de Reszke may defeat Telramund with his hands in his pockets, if he chooses. We know the story (and so do all Wagner lovers), and this liberty taken with the composer's stage directions happily does not interfere in the least with our enjoyment. No doubt, however, the great tenor will see the point, for it is well taken.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

MRS. STOWE was born on 14 June 1811, yet the mistake was commonly made of giving 1812 as the date. The *Hartford Times* called attention to the error, in 1894, as well as at an earlier date; and a note of inquiry from this office, addressed to the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, was referred to Miss H. B. Stowe, who replied that her mother was born in 1811 and her uncle Henry in 1813, though both dates were commonly misstated. It was doubtless due to this error that Mrs. Stowe's seventy-first birthday (instead of her seventieth) was celebrated in 1882, a garden-party being given in her honor by her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., on the grounds of the Hon. William Clafin, at Newton, Mass.

As at the previous similar celebrations in honor of Whittier and Holmes, a large assemblage of notable people in different walks of life was present. Poems in Mrs. Stowe's honor, by Whittier, Holmes, Trowbridge, Mrs. Whitney, Miss Phelps and others, were read; and among the speakers were Mr. H. O. Houghton, her brothers, Henry Ward and Edward Beecher, and Judge Tourse. Mrs. Stowe, in the course of a few remarks on the condition of the colored freedman in the South, said:—"Let us never doubt. Everything that ought to happen is going to happen." The event was fully reported in a supplement to *The Atlantic* for August of that year. We quote the following lines from Dr. Holmes's poem:—

"If every tongue that speaks
her praise
For whom I shape my tinkling
phrase
Were summoned to the ta-
ble,
The vocal chorus that would
meet
Of mingling accents harsh or
sweet
From every land and tribe
would beat
The polyglots of Babel.
Briton and Frenchman, Swede
and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of
Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and Low
Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf, the Polish
Jew,
Arab, Armenian and Mant-
choo
Would shout, 'We know
the lady.'



49 Forest St Oct 1. 1885

Dear Sir
*The photograph which
 I prefer to all others is the
 one of me with my grandson
 taken by Ritz & Hastings
 147 Tremont St Boston*

*Yrs truly
 H. B. Stowe*

Know her! Who knows not Uncle Tom
And her he learned his gospel from
Has never heard of Moses;
Full well the brave black hand we know
That gave to Freedom's grasp the hoe
That killed the weed that
used to grow
Among the Southern
roses.
Her lever was the wand of
art,
Her fulcrum was the hu-
man heart
Whence all unfailing aid
is;
She moved the earth! its
thunders pealed,
Its mountains shook, its
temples reeled,
The blood-red fountains
were unsealed,
And Moloch sank to
Hades."

The Critic celebrated the occasion in its number of July 1 with the following editorial:—

It is a great many years since Mrs. Stowe's "Sketches" first appeared. She is the survivor of all the novelists and romance writers who had begun work in her youth. All who had any note as writers of fiction, except Charles Brockden Brown, who died in 1810, were still on the stage contemporary with her early womanhood. J. K. Paulding, John Neal, Fenimore Cooper, Catherine Sedgwick, R. P. Smith, who wrote "Forsaken," were well-known. Mrs. Child had written "Hobomok" and "The Rebels," her only ambitious tales; but of the rest, none had reached their best work. Kennedy had published "Swallow Barn" two years before. Hawthorne, with "Fanshawe," his earliest romance, published about the same time, was as obscure as the romance itself has since become. W. Gilmore Simms was beginning his most prolific career. James Hall, with "Legends of the West," T. S. Fay, with "Norman Leslie," Montgomery Bird, with "Calavar," were her immediate predecessors in published work. Most of these are now but names, conveying no significance to the ear that hears them, while Harriet Beecher Stowe is a name known in every language which expresses civilized thought, revered by every people that adds humanity to culture. Her largest claim rests on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published in 1852, but her reputation is justified by the whole body of her works, which indicates a depth of sympathy pure-

ly feminine, a breadth of humor which is almost masculine, and a liberality of culture which is of the best university centres. There is nothing which is not American in her genius. She is representative through and through of the warm southwest corner of the Puritan element, with the richest blood of the old growth, the mellowest heart of the old morality. There is hardly a grain of sentimentality in her composition, but of true sentiment, mingled with ripe thinking and rich humor, she has as much as the best. One is let into the heart as well as the intellect of American life through her books. Her breadth is too great for intensity, and, except in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she seldom thrills us. The reader does not despatch her books at one sitting, but lives and revels among the characters, finding a wide range of individuals, and all

"The Doctor was more than kind to me on my birthday celebration, and I remember his poem, 'At the Summit,' as such a charming expression of friendship and poetic feeling as only he could write. Since then, however, I have felt myself going down, but rejoice to hear that the good Doctor is still alert and cheery.

"May he long be spared to gladden the hearts of his friends and be the pride of his native city.

"HARTFORD, 20 Aug. 1884.

H. B. STOWE."

And again, in 1889, she wrote the following letter to Mr. Lowell, on his seventieth birthday, which was printed in *The Critic's* special number (Feb. 23), celebrating the event:—

"I am one of the thousands who have laughed and wept over your



depicted with sufficient fulness to make them living representatives of their kind. There is a large background of home-life, a full and overflowing measure of incident and of intellectual as well as emotional action, so that the reader spending an evening over one of her stories feels as if he had been entertained in a genial and hearty company of a winter night, in a large, old-fashioned house, before a roaring fire, where there was plenty of cider and apples, and three generations listening to the ripest story-teller of the village. Long may it be our privilege to be a guest at such an ideal gathering, while those good gray hairs shine in the grandmother's chair.

When, on 30 Aug. 1884, *The Critic* celebrated Dr. Holmes's seventy-fifth birthday with a special number, Mrs. Stowe sent the following letter to the editors:—

"Your proposition of the complimentary number to Dr. Holmes meets a warm response in my heart. Dr. Holmes, besides being a brilliant poet, is a noble man, a true friend, and I only regret that the state of my health will not allow me to offer more than my warmest sympathy with such a movement as yours. This summer I have been obliged to restrict myself to the most necessary business and family letters.

magic verses, and the impression still remains tho' now I am old and, Biblically speaking, 'well stricken' in years.

"I rejoice in the notice that is about to be taken of your birthday. Please count me among the number of congratulating friends.

"HARTFORD, 16 Feb. 1889.

H. B. STOWE."

Mrs. Stowe was during the many years of her residence there undoubtedly Hartford's first citizen. She lived first on the banks of the Little River, in the Glenwood settlement, but later purchased the house in Forest Street where she died. Among her neighbors were Mark Twain, Messrs. Charles Dudley Warner, Wm. Gillette and Richard Burton, the literary critic of the *Hartford Courant* and a son of her old friend, the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel J. Burton. During her later years she was tenderly cared for by her two daughters. The cloud that gradually obscured her mind was occasionally lifted, and only a few weeks before her death she completed a quotation which Mrs. Warner could not recall in its entirety, adding, as she closed, "I know: I wrote that poem myself."

The funeral of the great author took place on July 3, at Andover, with all the simplicity she had always desired. Among those present were her son, the Rev. Charles Edward Stowe; her daughters, Eliza and Harriet; Mrs. Elizabeth Beecher Hooker and her husband, John Hooker; Dr. Edward B. Hooker, nephew of Mrs. Stowe; Mrs. James T. Fields, Sarah Orne Jewett, Edward Beecher, Freeman Allen, Mrs. C. E. Stowe, Miss Elizabeth Stowe and Miss Kate Stowe. The pallbearers were Mr. Frank H. Messer, Prof. John W. Churchill, Dr. C. P. E. Bancroft, Prof. George F. Moore and Dr. Selah Merrill. Prof. Egbert C. Smyth conducted the service at the grave.

Several bouquets had been placed on the cross over Prof. Stowe's grave by the wives of seminary professors, headed by Mrs. John W. Churchill. The grave is behind the chapel of the Andover Theological Seminary, on Andover Hill, and Mrs. Stowe is at rest between the bodies of her husband (long a Professor there) and her son Henry.

The old Stowe house in Chapel Avenue, which Mrs. Stowe occupied with her husband in 1853-64, was draped in black. A number of colored people attended the funeral of her who must, when all is said and weighed, go down in history as the most powerful individual champion of their race.

The interesting illustration giving portraits of Mrs. Stowe and her husband, and views of her Cincinnati and Hartford homes, is reproduced from the *Herald*.

London Letter

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN JOURNALISTS—a club whose very existence is known probably to but few in London—had a lively little evening on Wednesday at the Stratford House, St. James's. They there gave a soirée or conversazione, which was attended by most of the people in town who are anybodies and a great many who are nobodies. There was the usual tedious list of titles among the visitors, relieved by a few names of higher import, such as that of Mr. Arthur Balfour or of Mr. Thomas Hardy. John Oliver Hobbes, (who, by the by, is anything but a "woman-journalist") received the visitors, assisted by Mrs. Lowndes, who is better known to editors as Miss Marie Adelaide Belloc. About 600 were present, and everyone seemed in high spirits, though the evening was torrid.

The death of Sir Augustus Harris removes a man who was probably unique among his contemporaries as an organizer. The faculty for management was cultivated in him to its highest finish; and every thing he touched seemed to succeed. Yet he never lost himself in undue confidence, and one story that is told of him is particularly characteristic. It is the rule at Drury Lane that any actor who has played there for three consecutive years shall be entitled, in case he is incapacitated, to a pension of 12. a day. For some time after he had become lessee and proprietor of the "National Theatre," Harris continued to act upon the stage, in order that he might be qualified for the pension. "Because," as he used to explain, "you never know what may happen." His activity was enormous, and he practically died of overwork. It is certain that his influence will be greatly missed. The enterprises upon which he was already embarked will be carried on by his executor, but who is to plan and manipulate their successors? The so-called Italian opera, which he restored to London at great expense of labor and scarcely any proportionate profit, can hardly flourish in another's hands. The curious compounds of spectacle and melodrama which delighted the Lane audiences were mainly products of his imagination. He knew precisely what pleased the public; precisely how far vulgarity and tinsel might be carried with impunity; precisely how much of artistic impulse the public would respond to. He was a great manager and a very clever man; and he will be sincerely missed when Christmas comes again.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Parker have arrived in town and are settled for the present in a pretty little flat in St. James's. During the last fortnight or so, his friends have noticed that Mr. Parker has been hovering a good deal about the stage-door at the Haymarket, and there have been rumors of close confabulations in Mr. Tree's dressing-room, begun before Svengali had had time in which to shed his beard. It is, therefore, only a modified surprise to learn that the result is that Mr. Tree has acquired the dramatic rights in that admirable novel, "The Seats of the Mighty," and talks about producing it in the autumn. If this is so, it will be one of the last pieces performed at the Haymarket under its present management; for the builders of the new Her Majesty's are under contract to finish it for an opening performance in February. The outside of the house, however, will not be completed until May.

That excellent and energetic Club, the Elizabethan Stage Society, will next week give what promises to prove one of the most fascinating of its revivals. This is Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," which will be staged at the St. George's Hall on Thursday, July 2. Mr. William Pool, as usual, is responsible for the arrangements, and the stage will be a model of the Fortune Playhouse, designed by Mr. R. Minton Taylor. The music will be by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and Mr. W. S. Vining, and the dances are arranged by Mrs. T. E. Smale. Last, but far from least, Mr. Swinburne has written some verses in honor of the revival which will be recited from the stage before the rise of the curtain. Of this thoroughly interesting occasion I hope to have more to say next week.

Some weeks ago I mentioned that *The Savoy* had proved a pecuniary success above its projectors' expectations, though, as it happens, the compositor, in altering my 5000 to his own 500,* gave it but a scurvy circulation. It now seems that Mr. Leonard Smithers is so well satisfied with his bantling that it is henceforth to appear every month, instead of every quarter, and at a modified price. Mr. Arthur Symons is still responsible for the editorship.

Mr. S. S. McClure boasts that he has paid 3000/- for Mr. Kipling's new serial story, which is probably as much as it is worth. The English serial rights have been secured by *The New Review*. [See *The Lounger*, page 31].

The club which calls itself the New Vagabonds gave a dinner this week to a number of lady-writers, of whom one or two are known to fame. Mr. Conan Doyle good-naturedly took the chair, and made some friendly and very handsome remarks upon the importance of feminine fiction. The same club, I believe, proposes to entertain Mr. Gilbert Parker in the course of the next few weeks. Among the ladies recently invited were Mr. John Lane's "discoveries," George Egerton and Miss Netta Syrett.

Mr. Lane, I understand, proposes to start at once with his English edition of *The Chap-Book*, but is at present troubled as to whether it shall cost the purchaser two-pence or three-pence. As soon as this weighty question is decided, London is to be stormed. I am told that the English edition will be conducted by the anonymous "Yellow Dwarf," but this, I fancy, is mere gossip. At any rate, it is decided that the Notes shall be written in this country. I am inclined to think that this venture will succeed. It has the merit of absolute novelty over here, and should command itself for the short railway-journey to and from town. It only needs to be kept "smart," and there are wits and to spare in Vigo Street!

LONDON, 26 June, 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Poems of Marguerite of Navarre

(*The Academy*)

IT WAS ANNOUNCED a few months ago that M. Abel Lefranc, Secretary to the College of France, had discovered in the Bibliothèque Nationale a MS. volume of poems by Queen Marguerite of Navarre, which had remained unpublished for nearly three and a half centuries. The collection, regarding whose discovery and history M. Lefranc has already given an account, has at length been given to the world under the auspices of the Société d'Histoire Littéraire. The title of the MS. itself indicated that its contents were the "last works" of the illustrious writer of the "Heptameron." Apart from this, however, there is sufficient internal evidence to show, not merely the authenticity of the poems, but that they contain the thoughts of "The Pearl of the Valois," during the years immediately preceding her death in 1549. In her later years the "Marguerite des Princesses" had been tormented in body and soul "plus que ne peult porter ung cuer de femme." Her last works, therefore, partake largely of the nature of confessions. The poems which have now been brought to light comprise two comedies, or rather pastorals; ten letters in verse, three of which, however, are replies from Jeanne d'Albert, Marguerite's daughter; several lyrical pieces, including songs, dialogues and elegies, and two longer poems, entitled "Le Navaire" and "Les Prisons de la Reine de Navarre." The last named poem occupies 170 pages, and is the longest of the Queen's works. Although "Les Prisons" has not before been published, another MS. of the work has been known for many years to be in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Its authenticity, however, did not appear sufficiently established to Le Roux de Lincy, although, it is true, he included a fragment of the poem in his edition of the "Heptameron." M. Lefranc now holds that, had Le Roux de Lincy but known of the existence of the more recently discovered MS., his doubts must have been set at rest.

* For once, the editor must defend the long-suffering compositor. The *prn* will slip occasionally, and Mr. Waugh gave the smaller number in his copy. Eds. *The Critic*.

Mr. Lang and the Ethics of Reprinting

"The profoundest thought or passion sleeps as in a mine, until an equal mind and heart finds and publishes it."—EMERSON.

PRÉCIS

1. Last October Mr. Mosher issued as the second volume in his Old World Series, Mr. Andrew Lang's translation of "Aucassin and Nicolette"; a little book published by D. Nutt, London, 1887, limited to 500 copies for sale (not to be re-issued), that was and is inaccessible save to such wealthy book-buyers who would or could pay the speculator in literary wares from \$20 to \$25 for a single copy.

2. In the first edition of Mr. Mosher's reprint a trivial error in spelling ("they" for "thy" on page 45, line 8), and an inadvertence in citing the original, instead of the reprint pagination of the notes, easily understood and as easily corrected, were commented upon by "L. W. Hatch" * in *The Critic*, November 23.

3. These small misdeeds of the proof-reader were duly corrected in Mr. Mosher's second edition, but not before Mr. Lang had seen this anonymous communication, with the following result: —

MR. LANG'S "AUCASSIN" IN MAINE

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I read in *The Critic* of November 23 that a Mr. Mosher has published my "Aucassin"; apparently for his own emolument. May I ask this Mr. Mosher, through your paper, if he ever requested my leave to reprint the book which (of course) he has bungled, as Mr. Hatch points out? "Mosher,"—the name seems new to me. If he was so discourteous (honesty apart) as to crib my work, he gained nothing by his bad manners. The book was a labor of love, and I would gladly have let him do his worst.

ST. ANDREWS, FIFE, Dec. 10.

ANDREW LANG.

[To a note of inquiry in this connection, Mr. Mosher replies, in substance, that he was not unmindful of his own emolument in reprinting Mr. Lang's uncopyrighted translation; that at this point it is needless to say whether he intended, or did not intend, to send the translator an honorarium; that the errors in the Portland "Aucassin and Nicolette" are few and slight (which is true); that even the London edition is not wholly free from trivial slips; that he has sought to give his various reprints a worthy setting (he has generally succeeded in doing so, though the type is usually smaller than we like); and that he deplores such criticism as that which drew Mr. Lang's attention to his unauthorized edition of a very charming book.—EDS. THE CRITIC.]

4. Here the matter rested. *The Critic* had done Mr. Mosher the justice of printing his mild defence; it was conceded that "personal emolument" was not wholly neglected, and he allowed that Mr. Lang's consent had not been asked, for the simple reason that no copyright existed in his book.

5. For what now emanates from Mr. Lang, Mr. Mosher cannot but express surprise. At the suggestion of a London gentleman who was down at Portland for a few hours last April, a copy of the second edition of "Aucassin and Nicolette" was mailed Mr. Lang, and a letter written; both most assuredly sent without a thought of "rare impertinence" presently to be imputed, or the still rarer impertinence of such boorish interpretation.

[The above *précis* is Mr. Mosher's. EDs. THE CRITIC.]

MR. ANDREW LANG:—

In your remarks, Sir, under title of "From a Scottish Workshop" in *The Illustrated London News* of May 30th, there was disingenuousness in reiterating the charge of my printing your "Aucassin" unsatisfactorily; and also in stating that I added "some kind of ugly photograph of an etched frontispiece by Mr. Jacomb Hood." Neither assertion is true, the proof of which is a copy of the book already in your possession. Give me leave, moreover, to say that Mr. Edward Bierstadt of New York reproduced this etching in collotype; a gentleman whose work ranks with the best this country produces. As for the typography and paper, the former has been passed upon favorably by our critics, and the latter I am sure cannot be bettered: Van Gelder's hand-made products are known the world over.

Just where my "rare example of impertinence" comes in, I am unable to determine. I am not an autograph collector that you should feel compelled to print your reply: nor was it entirely fair

to omit all reference to a proposed *honorarium*, open to refusal, but surely suggested in good faith. Your publisher, Mr. Nutt, accorded me that civility at least, though I regret he so narrowed his concession as to render it of no earthly use to me.

May I, indeed, ask what your real grievance is? Your permission to reprint you say "I might have had for asking, so far as America was concerned." This is something better than "I would gladly have let him do his worst." When you said that, you had a show of justice, having read your book "had been bungled." "Of course it had," you added; but why *of course*? Possibly because "the name of Mosher seemed new" to you? Was that it? Now, however, with a copy of my reprint in hand, why repeat these fictions to the book's detriment? I will venture to put my "Aucassin" beside the original and not despair of a verdict of having done you no discredit.

Frankly, Sir, my belief is that this permission you flaunt before me—after the fact—would never have been granted had I asked it. And this I did not choose to ask. Is it not that I have touched the *amour propre* of one who has accustomed himself to see, unmoved, copies of his *rarissimus* quoted among bibliophiles at five-guinea rates, and who awakes to find a reprint quite as choice as the original, selling for less than one-twenty-fifth of that sum? If I am wrong, why not accepted a *solutum* when the deed was done? Mr. Nutt was quick to see the only point at issue, but you see nothing;—not even the good-humored admiration of my letter.

For some years now it has been a fad with authors and their publishers to "kotow" to the wealthier classes, and at the same time play into the hands of the speculative bookseller. Limited editions have their use,—they also have their abuse. That an exquisite story like your translation of "Aucassin and Nicolette" should be so out of all ordinary reach had no justification, and to this my edition in America has put an end. You admit you had nothing to lose; why, then, such outcry? Legal rights there were none; moral rights I take to have been forfeited when the needy scholar could not buy your book. In paying the upset price I could give back to the world what you withheld from it. My purchase absolved whoso desired "Aucassin" at a sum within my modest means.

As to "the ethics of reprinting," why should I go into them? It were wasted time to do it. For I am neither singular, nor is my procedure a new one. It began before I was born; it will continue when I am dead. It seems to me this is an art that has also flourished on British soil; you would rejoin, doubtless, there are pirates—and pirates. I can but echo,—doubtless.

All this to my mind proceeds from a very genuine contempt of the real republic of book-buyers, the many who cannot afford the luxury of first editions at fabulous prices. Mr. Nutt speaks with less finesse. His view is shortly that the public cares nought for these things. Well, it may be so in England; some years have elapsed since I visited that tight little island; *but it is not so here*, and 'tis to this constituency I appeal.

Your fear of my landing a cargo of "Aucassin" on British soil is a trifle overdone. True, I have sold a few hundred copies abroad; but the title of "Old World Series" was not, as you queerly suppose, indicative of any serious design on my part to enter your boasted free-trade market. Now you raise the point it might be well to see if you have a right of restraint. It might be said that public policy required, perhaps permitted, just such an edition as mine.

Yet again you further confuse our logical processes by likening your issue of "Aucassin" to the doings of Book Clubs whose very names act as soporifics. Such clubs seldom print anything the most piratical reprint would "convey." Had you produced a dry-as-dust work of this sort your book assuredly had been safe from me.

But because your "Aucassin" was literature I laid hold upon it; because you and your publisher abandoned it on the high seas, as flotsam and jetsam, I rescued it and brought it into port, that it might not become forever derelict and lost. It is mine because I found it! Shorn of all "artistic and typographical grace" this book might have been the dead failure Mr. Nutt's sneer would imply; issued as I issued it here, where we are not all rich amateurs as with you, it found acceptance and will continue to do so. And I, too, shall continue to do so; shall reprint whenever I see fit, any choice and inaccessible book,—yours or another's,—to which I have perfect right, besides an unbroken custom (imperfect if you will), in favor of such proceedings. Rest assured you have taken the wrong way in rejecting my kindly overtures; I can, however, endure it. But do not so utterly mistake the signs of the times as to think Literature is the product or property of any

* "L. W. Hatch" must be regarded as anonymous, as a letter addressed in care of *The Critic* could not be delivered, owing to lack of address. Should he ever come to the surface again this letter is still at his service. T. B. M.

+ See next page.

little clique of men; nor lament, but rather be of good cheer, when you find a book such as your translation, exquisite every way, put forth side by side with FitzGerald's *Omar*, whose version is the gladness of the world.

It is a strange point to raise that reprints like mine do harm to literature. Since my edition came out, one new translation has found a *raison d'être* for existing: I believe, just the same, with Walter Pater, that yours is "a poet's translation," and as such will outlast a generation of lesser prosadists, however excellent or eclectic their scholarship. And I now learn that Mr. F. W. Bourdillon is preparing a new edition of his scholarly version, possibly accompanied by a *facsimile* of the unique MS., in which connection *The Athenaeum* of June 13th says:—"The increasing popularity of the story is shown by the fact that in this edition there are no fewer than fourteen additions to the bibliography." No, such reprints as mine do not injure Literature; but the dogishness-in-the-manger that says to all save the 500 elect, 'This book is only for your masters,' or, if the masses are to have it, let us fling it at them "lacking the artistic and typographical graces of the original edition,"—this I say can injure Literature, for it relegates to the rich few what the intelligent many could enjoy were they permitted to do so.

To conclude. In reprinting your "Aucassin" I did well, what another had done ill. You might have been made to "walk the plank" in the shape of an edition that was not a joy forever. As for courtesy, you outdo me a thousand times: I can never hope to equal you.

And now, Sir, I am done with attempting to soothe or satisfy you. May I not close with these words of Johnson, which after the lapse of over a century have not lost their thrill of honest indignation? We all know how they came to be written, and in our hearts we all approve them:—"When I had once addressed your Lordship in public I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little."

PORTLAND, MAINE, June 26, 1896. THOMAS B. MOSHER.

[We allow Mr. Mosher so much space because it is interesting to see what the unauthorized reprinter, as a type, has to say for himself. The main things seem to be (1) that he has a legal right to reprint what he likes, so long as it is not protected by copyright, and (2) that he acquires a moral right to do so by underselling the authorized publisher, and incidentally giving a good book a wider circulation than it was intended to have. His legal right is beyond question; his moral claim is essentially that of the gentleman of the road who, having "held up" a banker, lends his victim's money, for his own benefit, at a lower rate of interest than the owner would have asked for it, and perhaps gives a part of it to the poor. It were better, in all such cases, to stand solely on one's legal rights. EDS. THE CRITIC.]

Mr. Lang's comment in *The Illustrated London News* is here appended:

For a rare example of impudence, I would commend the following letter. Some years ago I wrote and Mr. Nutt published a translation of the old French tale "Aucassin et Nicolette." A limited number of copies was printed—I think five hundred. The book is "out of print." Last year an American publisher pirated my "Aucassin." According to a review, he printed it in an unsatisfactory way, and he added some kind of ugly photograph of an etched frontispiece by Mr. Jacomb Hood. He never asked my permission, which he might have had for asking, so far as America was concerned. I did the work for love, not for lucre. I remonstrated in a letter to *The Critic*. To-day I receive this letter from the publisher; it is of a rare impertinence:

"April 21, 1896.

"MR. ANDREW LANG,

"DEAR SIR:—I have to-day mailed you copies of my 'Old World' edition of your translation of 'Aucassin and Nicolette,' also of FitzGerald's version of *Omar*. Let me hope that you will accept them, and after due examination find I have done you no discourtesy in associating your work with that of FitzGerald. As to the ethics of reprinting, I shall not say anything. I have simply taken what I admired, and am, no doubt, no better than my brother pirates. If there was, as you assume, any discourtesy, I am sorry for it. I can assure you I should enjoy your work, though you cursed me with a twenty devil curse. But why not let your good humor prevail and ascribe my forcible entry to mere inability to keep my hands off your exquisite productions.

"Very truly yours,
"T. B. MOSHER."

"The ethics of reprinting" is good; so is "I have simply taken what I admired." Strange condition of opinion, when such performances are regarded as regular! I do not know much of copyright law, nor can I tell whether this person may vend my work and Mr. Jacomb Hood's in this country. There is mention of an "Old World" edition; it seems that he thinks he can.

The Lounger

IN CONFERRING upon Mr. Aldrich the degree of M. A., President Eliot of Harvard characterized him as "man-of-letters, essayist, story-teller, poet, at home in a wide field of imagination." This was an apt and graceful characterization. At the hands of the reporters it suffered a land change into something crude and strange, being transmogrified thus:—"Man-of-letters, essayist, story-teller, at home in a wide field of fiction." Thus was the poet stripped of his singing robes and balked of his imagination. I would wager the prettiest penny in circulation to day that Mr. Aldrich had rather be reckoned a poet (which he is), than a story-teller of whatever rank, and that his rank is high amongst tellers of tales no one need be reminded who has read "Marjorie Daw," "The Queen of Sheba," or any other story, long or short, with which his name is identified.

I SEE IT STATED in an English paper that Mr. McClure gave \$3000. for Mr. Kipling's New England novel. The price is wrong by \$3000. Mr. McClure gave \$12,000 for the serial rights in the story. He will publish it in his magazine in America, and *The New Review* will publish it in London. Here is where Mr. McClure saves himself. He can afford to pay an author a big price, for England can share the expense with him. *Harpers'*, *The Century* and *Scribner's* go in for an English circulation, so they cannot make any such arrangement.

THERE HAVE BEEN rumors in London that Mr. W. W. Astor offered Mr. E. W. Bok a fabulous salary and a house in Grosvenor Square if he would come to London and edit one of his periodicals. I have it from the best authority that no such offer has been made to Mr. Bok. The only foundation for the rumor is that Mr. Bok was taken to Cliveden by Sir Douglas Straight and entertained there by Mr. Astor. If Mr. Astor had contemplated starting a popular sixpenny magazine, his thought might have reverted to Mr. Bok as an excellent editor, but that he would turn any one of his present editors out and put in another man is absurd. He is on too good terms with them, both socially and in a business way; and then, Mr. Bok is not at all by way of giving up his American interests.

ENGLISH EDITORS, among them Mr. C. K. Shorter, do not think that an American editor could catch the English public. I will admit that I do not think that he could by English methods, but there is no reason why he could not introduce American methods and adapt them sufficiently to English ways to serve his purpose. England has no paper as good in its way as *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and I can see no reason why one on the same lines, printed on good paper and as well illustrated, should not have a big sale. There is certainly an audience in England for something better than *Tit-Bits*.

A RECENT LETTER from Winchester, Va., tells of the destruction of Elmwood, Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor's old home near that village. Writing to a friend in this city, the novelist says:—"I have no books (think of it!), no papers, no MSS. except a half-finished novel, which happened to be out of the house. The notes for my colonial novel, for which I had been reading about eight years, between times, perished; likewise everything else that I possessed in the world—and no insurance! That big brick house of ours burnt to the ground in thirty minutes, and I can only be grateful that none of my family perished. My old mother has borne the shock and fright and exposure wonderfully, and we have all tumbled into a quaint old house in town (planned by Jefferson, and with Pocahontas, Rolfe, &c. carved above the fireplace); and are trying to find out our names and collect our senses.

"I ONCE BOUGHT A BOOK of Mr. Stedman's," Miss Baylor says, "from a bookseller who assured me that the author had built a handsome house out of his 'yearnings'—a happy acci-

dental way, I thought, of describing the poetic frenzy. Well, all my 'yearnings' have perished, and my pilgrim's wallet is as empty as any friar could wish. So I don't think I shall do much this summer except wonder where this, that or the other thing is, and then remember that it isn't anywhere. One never knows how many impedimenta one has collected, till everything vanishes at a stroke. Besides, I am much engaged with living epistles; for I am starting some industrial classes for colored women in Norfolk and Winchester. I have long been interested in mission work in our mountains, and now this is interesting me even more, and occupying me fully."

* * *

UNDER THE CAPTION, "The Poet at Work," the *Tribune* prints this picture and verbal description of the bard of the Sierras, to whose genius a hearty though tardy tribute is paid on the first page of this week's *Critic*:

"In the portrait of Mr. Joaquin Miller which is reproduced here-with, we have another equally remarkable study of genius giving itself full swing, and writing, again in character, the words that are to thrill the world. Try to imagine Mr. Miller writing such words on ordinary paper at an ordinary desk, with his heroic figure swathed in the ordinary garments of ordinary life. The thing is unimaginable. But the reader who gazes upon this image of leonine absorption, the Mercurial sandals disposed effectively on one side, the skull cap perched skilfully above the flowing locks, the hands "that the rod of empire might have swayed" grasping firmly a pen whose burning point catches the glint of a brass bedstead's regal rails: the reader who gazes upon all this with reverence and awe will get close to the secret of the poet."

* * *

SWEDEN must be the paradise of journalists. The Swedish Government has at a recent sitting decided to grant 4000 *kronor* towards the expenses of two journalists, who intend to perfect themselves in their profession by means of foreign travel. In a short time the question of granting journalists free tickets on the state railways will also be submitted to the Swedish Parliament. I hope for the sake of the journalists that the Parliament will not make any such grant. The fewer gratuities journalists accept, the better for their independence.

* * *

I FIND in the *Nuova Antologia* a remarkable article on "Jude the Obscure," by Mr. Carlo Segrè, which I recommend to Mr. Hardy, to all who agree with me in my opinion of that most disagreeable book, and to the *Tribune's* recent reviewer, who declared that "the reader of Thomas Hardy's novels will find as much indelicacy in them as he brings to them himself."

* * *

ONE OF THE highest prices paid for a rare book in London, a few days ago, was \$555, given by Mr. Sabin for a "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England" from the first planting thereof in 1607 to 1677, with one of the earliest woodcut maps produced in New England. Another interesting relic recently sold in London was a well-authenticated lock of Napoleon Bonaparte's hair, cut when on board the *Bellerophon*, which was sold for \$150. A second lock of hair, offered at the same sale,

was of less interest, because it was not stated when it had been cut. A third relic was the Abbé de Voisenon's "Œuvres Complètes," 1785, purchased at the sale of Napoleon's library brought from St. Helena, and sold at Sotheby's in 1821. It had an initial in Napoleon's hand opposite a passage on ambition, and his library stamp on the titles.

* * *

AS MIGHT HAVE BEEN expected, Mr. H. C. Bunner made Prof. Brander Matthews his literary executor. I can imagine no man who would do such delicate work more delicately. To be a literary executor is not an easy task, nor an enviable one. If you give too much, as in the case of Mr. Froude, you are considered indiscreet; if not enough to satisfy the public, you are holding something back. Prof. Matthews will not publish anything that Mr. Bunner would have left unpublished, I am sure. I doubt if Mr. Bunner left many MSS. behind him. He used the most of what he wrote as fast as he wrote it; such are the exigencies of journalism.

* * *

THE FIRST International Congress of Publishers has been held in Paris and was largely attended. The most interesting subject of discussion was the condition of the copyright laws in the United States and Canada. The publishers want the printing and simultaneous publication clauses cut out of the American laws, but I fear that there is no chance for such a Utopian change, and that there will be less than ever if we have a protectionist for President. Mr. Murray thinks that much depends upon the attitude of Canada. If she does the right thing, perhaps the United States will, but if she does not, the United States certainly will not.

* * *

MR. GEORGE S. SHELDON, who represents the Messrs. Appleton in London, read a paper at the Congress in which he gave an account of existing conditions, and "described the discontent of American authors and publishers with the manufacturing clause." Mr. Sheldon, by the way, who was formerly a tutor in belles-lettres at Princeton, has just been made an LL. D. by that University.

Bibliographical Notes on the Bonapartes*

III. BOOKS ABOUT VARIOUS MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

"LE PRINCE IMPÉRIAL" (Paris: Léon Chailley), by Count André Martinet, did not pass unnoticed when it appeared, last year. The author belongs to the younger generation of militant Bonapartists and is on terms of intimacy with Prince Victor, the present head of the family. Among other things, this richly got up volume put an end to the London legend that the unfortunate prince left a son. The dates of the baptismal certificate of this child—M. Martinet showed me recently an authenticated copy of the certificate, which is printed in his book—prove conclusively that its pretended relationship to the Prince is physically impossible. M. Martinet is now engaged on a two-volume biography of Jérôme Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, which will contain considerable indexed matter, and on a "Histoire des Cents Jours d'après les Récits Royalistes," which will consist of "a collection of all those most foolish fables imagined by the partisans of Louis XVIII. in 1815 and the fantastic insults cast upon the fallen Emperor after Waterloo." This book will probably appear before the end of the present year.

M. Alfred Darimon, who was one of "The Five" during the reign of Napoleon III., but who, towards the end, abandoned, like Ollivier, the little republican phalanx of the Corps Législatif, has published a number of historical works bearing upon the Second Empire and the Third Republic. "Les Principes de M. Thiers," now in press at Dentu's, will form the complement and conclusion of M. Darimon's political souvenirs, along with his forthcoming volume on Prince Napoleon, on which he is also engaged at this moment. "It is not a complete biography," he tells me, speaking of this second work, "but rather a body of intimate notes that I have jotted down concerning the period extending from the death of the Prince Imperial to the disappearance of the last of the nephews of Napoleon I." M. Darimon was a friend and collaborator of "Plon Plon's," and his book should be a valuable contribution to the literature concerning this erratic latter-day Bonaparte.

M. Paul Léglé, who was for a few years a Bonapartist deputy during the present Republic, covers, in his "Le Neveu de Bon-



partie" (Paris: Ollendorff), the same portion of Prince Napoleon's life as M. Darimon's book will cover. It is a collection of souvenirs of the political campaigns extending from 1879, the year of the death of the Prince Imperial, to 1891, the year of the death of Prince Jérôme.

M. Joseph Turgnan has recently issued (Paris: Librairie Illustrée) three Napoleonic volumes. "La Générale Bonaparte" is based on materials already in print. In it the legendary Joséphine disappears to make way for a truer-to-life, though less exemplary, character. "L'Impératrice Joséphine" is written on the same lines and in the same spirit as the first-mentioned work. The author very modestly remarks that he does not suppose that his "true picture" will accomplish much in the way of changing the opinion which the world has already formed of the Empress, and quotes against himself these words of Mme. de Sévigné's:—"On a tout rapsodé, mais ce qui est dit est dit, ce qui est pensé est pensé, ce qui est cru est cru." "Les Soeurs de Napoléon," from the same publisher, by the same author, and composed in the same independent manner as the two foregoing volumes, has to do with Elisa, Paulina and Caroline Bonaparte.

Garnier is bringing out a new edition of the "Mémoires de Mlle. Avrillon," who is described as "the first chambermaid of the Empress." The book is made up of light gossip about the private every-day life of Joséphine, her family and her court. The preface, which states that these recollections are really written by Mlle. Avrillon, is unsigned, and so carries but little weight.

"Les Derniers Mois de Murat" (Paris: Calmann Lévy), by the Marquis de Sassenay, tells how Murat, after having been driven out of his kingdom in 1815, was treacherously enticed back from Corsica, where he had sought a retreat, by the false representations of King Ferdinand's ministers, who, in order to lay heavy hands upon him, made him believe that, as soon as he landed in the little Calabrian seaport of Pizzo, the country would rise in his favor and restore him to his throne; and the book further tells how poor Murat discovered too late that he was entrapped, how he was captured, tried and shot, all within three days. Based on many little-known printed materials and on original researches in the archives of Naples, London and France, this monograph becomes a really authoritative account of the last sad and tragic act of a life of wonderful adventure, an act through which Murat passed with much nobility and heroism.

PARIS, June 1896.

THEODORE STANTON.

"Sullenly" or "Suddenly" Once More

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

There seems to be no reason for the "perplexity" of Mr. Hooper as expressed in *The Critic* of June 20. The main question to be settled is what Wolfe wrote. Stoddard and Linton say that his manuscript has "suddenly." Another writer says that a facsimile of his manuscript in the Boston Public Library has "sullenly," with other variations from the readings given by Stoddard and Linton. Mr. Stoddard tells us that "sullenly" is right, and attempts to throw the responsibility of "suddenly" upon the printer; but this does not explain the other variations from the Boston facsimile which appear in the Stoddard and Linton text. The textual question needs further investigation.

Whether "suddenly" or "sullenly" is the better word is an entirely different question. For myself, I still hold to the opinion that, in a poem of this kind, "suddenly" is to be preferred. Mr. Hooper says that "all firing is done suddenly." It is sudden, to be sure, after the match is applied, but it may, nevertheless, be a very deliberate act, and generally is so. On the other hand, the "distant and random" firing is not, to my thinking, necessarily "sullen," though in this instance it may be so explained, if we find that Wolfe wrote "sullenly."

W. J. R.

Mr. A. D. F. Randolph

MR. ANSON DAVIES FITZ RANDOLPH, the founder of the firm of A.D.F. Randolph & Co. of this city, who died at Westhampton, L. I., on July 6, was born on 18 Oct. 1821, and came to New York when about seven years old, starting the struggle for life in a grocery-shop. In 1841 he entered the employ of the American Sunday-School Union, and ten years later established himself as a bookseller at Broadway and Amity Street. He successively moved to 900 Broadway, 38 West 23rd Street, 182 Fifth Avenue and finally to 91-93 Fifth Avenue, where his firm is at present located. He was a man of wide culture, a poet of reputation and

a well-known lecturer and after-dinner speaker, and was for many years a member of the Century and Quill clubs and a Director of the American Bible Society.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

MR. BARR FERREE, who is the architectural editor of *The Engineering Magazine*, has written a short biographical and critical notice of the late Richard Morris Hunt, illustrated by half-tone pictures of some of his more important works, of which fifty copies have been printed for private distribution. Mr. Ferree writes appreciatively of the late architect's well-balanced artistic nature. The illustrations, while not including the two splendid Vanderbilt houses, are sufficient in number to give some idea of Hunt's essentially original genius, which has been questioned in some quarters because it was always restrained by good taste.

—Charles Howard Johnson, the artist and illustrator, died in this city on July 3. He was born in Vincennes, Ind., in December 1865, and studied art in Cincinnati. His colors and pen-and-inks are well known to readers of *Truth and Life*.

—Dr. Isaac Hollister Hall, Curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, who died in Mount Vernon, N. J., on July 2, was born in Norwalk, Conn., in 1837. He was graduated from Hamilton College, where he taught until 1863, in which year he entered the Law School of Columbia College, graduating two years later. In 1875 he went to Syria, as professor in the Protestant College at Beyrouth. On his return, in 1877, to this country, he engaged in religious newspaper work; his connection with the Metropolitan Museum began in 1884. He was, also, lecturer on New Testament Greek at Johns Hopkins University. During his stay in Syria he discovered a Syriac MS. of the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles and most of the Epistles, of which he published an account, with facsimiles, in 1884, in which year he published, also, "A Critical Bibliography of the Greek New Testament." He was an authority on Oriental inscriptions and the Cypriote language, and a member of several archaeological and Biblical societies. He received the degree of bachelor of literature from Columbia in 1888, and from the University of Dublin in 1892.

—Messrs. Tiffany & Co., in Union Square, have at present on exhibition the handsome silver service just completed for the battleship Indiana, and a remarkable collection of American gems and semi-precious stones in the rough state. The collection of carved jades and crystals already noticed in this column is still on view.

Education

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL of Education held its final session at Buffalo, on July 7. Officers were elected, some important changes made in the membership roll, and several important resolutions were adopted. The following were unanimously elected: President, Dr. B. A. Hinsdale of the University of Michigan; Vice-President, Dr. Charles De Garmo, Swarthmore College, Penna.; Secretary, Bettie A. Dutton, Ohio; Executive Committee:—H. S. Tarbell, Rhode Island, Chairman; J. M. Greenwood, Missouri; W. F. Shelton, Massachusetts; W. F. King, Iowa. The report of the Membership Committee concerning the personnel of the Council was adopted and the following nominees declared elected:—Superintendent, C. M. Jordan of Minnesota, to succeed John T. Buchanan of Missouri; H. S. Tarbell of Rhode Island; Dr. E. W. Coy of Ohio; Edward R. Shaw of New York, to succeed Ella Sabin of Wisconsin; John W. Cook of Illinois; Elmer E. Brown of California, to succeed Dr. C. M. Woodward of Missouri; James H. Vansickle of Colorado, to succeed Dr. White of Ohio; John Dewey of Illinois, to succeed S. H. Peabody of Illinois. Dr. Harris offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee of five to consider the problem of the education of Negroes and Indians, which was adopted. The report will be presented at the session of the Council in 1897. The Board of Directors of the National Educational Association met on the same day and voted \$1000 for the establishment of a department of rural schools. The decision to establish a library was made. The German Teachers' Association also met on the same day. President Herzog of Cleveland presided. Two papers, on "The Reforms in German Teaching," by F. Monteser of New York, and "The Treatment of German Classics in the High Schools," by H. Woldman of Cleveland, were read.

The failure to secure President Gilman as the head of the public school system in this city has been followed by a misfortune almost as great—the election of Commissioner J. L. N. Hunt as an As-

sistant Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Hunt was one of the chief backers of Superintendent Jasper and opponents of President Gilman.

The twenty-eighth annual session of the American Philological Association was held at Brown University, Providence, R. I., this week. The address of the President, Prof. Francis A. March of Lafayette College, on "Philological Study of Literature," was delivered on Tuesday evening in the Lyman Gymnasium. The regular sessions were held in the same place. Of the local committee, Prof. Albert Harkness was Chairman and Prof. William Carey Poland (9 Lloyd Street, Providence) Secretary.

Mr. J. Edward Swanstrom has been reelected to the office of President of the Brooklyn Board of Education. The salary of the Brooklyn Superintendent of Education has been raised from \$5000 to \$6000, and that of the Director of Physical Culture from \$1500 to \$1800.

The Department of Astronomy of the Brooklyn Institute, which is erecting an observatory near the new Museum, opposite Prospect Park, has been notified that Mr. Charles F. Lembke of this city proposes to present it an eight-inch telescope, with a focal length of 110 inches, made by Mr. John Byrne. The gift does not include the mounting of the instrument. Brooklynites with full purses and public spirits will please take notice.

The Yale Corporation has resolved to increase by a few hundred dollars the salaries of all members of the Faculty holding full professorships.

The special courses of study offered last summer by the New York University will be continued this summer on a larger scale. During July 6-Aug. 14, twenty-eight courses will be given at University Heights by professors and instructors of the University. The work will be for the most part confined to five days in the week, leaving Saturdays free. The laboratories will, however, be open for work on these days. Several excursions will be made by the biological section to salt- and fresh-water localities.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller paid his first visit to the University of Chicago, which he founded, on June 30-July 3, to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of one of the buildings.

The seventh annual report of the Aguilar Free Library shows an increase of 3614 volumes in circulation at the three branches, the total being 256,963 books. During the year 4000 new books were added to the Library, and the report states that at least 10,000 more are needed to maintain the Library's efficiency. It contains at present 30,000 volumes. It is with a strange appropriateness that we learn from the report that the book most frequently circulated during the year was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," 666 times; this was followed in popularity by "Round the World in Eighty Days," 282 times; "Ivanhoe" was third, with 249 times.

The Clay Memorial Library in East Jaffray, N. H., the recently completed gift of Mrs. Susan Clay to that town, was dedicated on July 4. A poem was read by Mr. Richard Burton of Hartford, and the dedicatory address delivered by Prof. Charles F. Richardson of Dartmouth.

Dr. George Taylor Winston, President of the University of North Carolina, has been unanimously elected President of the University of Texas.

Mr. George W. Vanderbilt has imported from Europe what is considered to be the most valuable library on forestry in the world, for his Biltmore estate. The books are in many languages, and a number of them, in English, have been held by the customs authorities as subject to duty. Mr. Vanderbilt claims that under section 410 of the tariff law, making free of duty all scientific works devoted to original research, and under section 413, which admits free of duty books intended for public libraries, these books, as well as those in foreign languages, are not dutiable. Mr. Vanderbilt has started forest culture on a large scale at Biltmore, under the management of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, and has built a number of cottages on his estate for the special use of students of forestry. As these will have access to the library mentioned, it will be, for all practical purposes, a free library. The Board of General Appraisers has the question under consideration.

A \$30,000 library building, a gift to the town of Chatham, Mass., from a native and former resident, Mr. Marcellus Eldridge, now of Portsmouth, N. H., was presented to the Selectmen on July 4, with appropriate ceremonies. The building, which stands in Main Street, is of brick, 67 feet long and 33 feet deep, with a shelving capacity of 10,000 volumes.

Notes

WITH this week's *Critic* we send to all subscribers an index to the volume for Jan.-June 1896 (New Series XXV; Old Series, XXVIII), covering the paper's thirty-first half-year.

—The little book on his mother, which Mr. J. M. Barrie has just finished, and which is to be published by the Messrs. Scribner under the title of "Marget Ogilvy," is not a biography in the ordinary sense, but gives aspects and incidents of his mother's life in the style which Mr. Barrie's readers know, keeping close throughout to facts. In the opinion of the London *Bookman*, "it is perhaps the most beautiful and exquisite piece of work he has yet accomplished."

—"The Monetary and Banking Problem," by Logan G. McPherson, will be published immediately by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., who announce, also, a paper-covered edition of "A Journey in Other Worlds," by John Jacob Astor, and a new edition of "From Flag to Flag," by Mrs. Eliza McHatten-Ripley.

—Messrs. Harper & Bros. will publish on July 14 "Mrs. Gerald," a novel, by Maria Louise Pool, with illustrations by W. A. Rogers; a new edition of "Life on the Mississippi," by Mark Twain; and "Love is a Spirit," by Julian Hawthorne.

—Mr. Robert Buchanan has just written an Irish tale, called "Marriage by Capture," which J. B. Lippincott Co. are to publish.

—A neatly printed pamphlet, containing the constitution, list of members, officers and meetings of the Twentieth Century Club of Chicago, has just been published. The speakers and subjects of the meetings held during the seventh season, 1895-96, were "The Patrol of the Far North," by Gilbert Parker; "A Southern Mountaineer," by John Fox, Jr.; "Literature as a Personal Resource," by Hamilton Wright Mabie; "The First Exploration of the Antarctic Continent," by Carsten E. Borchgrevink; "The American Man-of-Letters," by Horace E. Scudder; "Russia and the Emancipation," by Prince Serge Wolkonsky; and "Johannes Brahms," by William Foster Aphorop. The report of the Treasurer, Mr. William Morton Payne, shows a comfortable balance of \$3444.41.

—Dr. Eugene Coleman Savidge, author of "The American in Paris," will spend his summer in Europe, where he will seek European perspective for his new work on the American Revolution.

—The London *Times* announces that the Earl of Ashburnham will sell the well-known library of printed books and manuscripts formed by his predecessor. Some parts of this library have of late years been sold to the British and Italian governments.

—Mr. John H. Boner has resigned the editorship of Funk & Wagnalls' *Literary Digest*.

—The third number (July) of *The Savoy*, wherewith the new periodical begins its career as a monthly publication, contains the first of a series of three articles on "William Blake and His Illustrations to the Divine Comedy," by W. B. Yeats, with reproductions of Blake's work. Mr. Edward Carpenter puts in a whimsical form some sound commonsense on "The Simplification of Life," and there is a translation of a "prose poem" of Stéphane Mallarmé, by George Moore, which may remain unread without great loss to the artistic taste. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is represented by a poem, "The Ballad of a Barber," as well as by some of his characteristic illustrations.

—The July *Bachelor of Arts* contains an interesting interview with Mr. Robert J. Cook, the famous Yale coach, and an article on "College Men in Journalism," by L. J. Vance.

—An exhibition of portraits, MSS. and other Burns' relics will be held in Glasgow during July-October.

—Mrs. Watson, mother of Mr. William Watson, the poet, died at Lee, Kent, on June 27, in her seventy-third year, and was buried at Childwall, near Liverpool, where Mr. Watson's father was buried in 1888.

—Thomas Nelson & Sons have in preparation India paper editions of the Revised Bible.

—Lady Burton, whose will is dated 28 Dec. 1895, left personal estate of the value of 11,766/. 3s. 1d. She appointed as her literary trustees W. A. Coote of the National Vigilance Society and Minnie Grace Plowman, who are to continue the publication of her husband's works; but she forbids anyone to print a single immodest word, and she especially charges her literary trustees not to issue, or allow to be issued, one coarse word in connection with her late husband's works. They are to publish her autobiography, upon which she had been engaged.

—One of Elizabeth Cady Stanton's granddaughters died recently in England. The mother of the child, Mrs. Stanton-Blatch, who is known in London as an eloquent speaker on reform questions and a contributor to various periodicals on economic subjects, arranged the funeral service, at which there were many flowers and much music, and no black. The Rev. Mr. Farrington of the Unitarian Church, Richmond, England, formerly of New England, officiated, while the principal musicians were Miss Esther Bright, daughter of Jacob Bright, M. P., and Mrs. Clare Wright, the London singer. After the ceremony the body was cremated at Woking and the ashes deposited in a silver box.

Publications Received

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